$2.00 " year

OCTOBER, 1948

The Liberalist

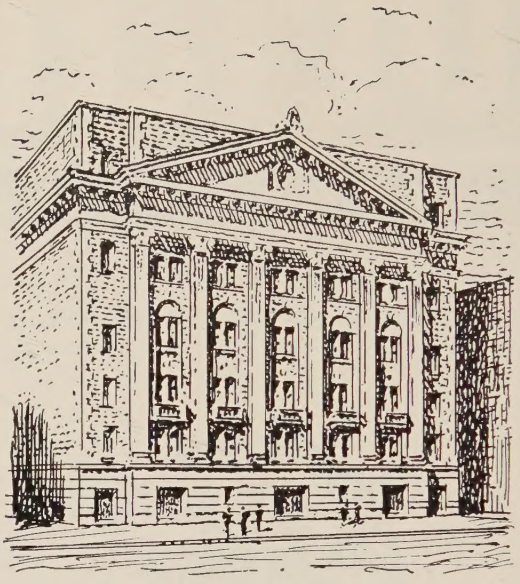
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

From
COLUMBUS THE WORLD-GIVER

By Maurice Francis Egan

O faithful soul, that knew no doubting low.
O Faith incarnate, lit by Hope's strong flame,
And led by Faith's own cross to dare all ill
And find our world!—but more than this we owe
To thy true heart; thy pure and glorious name
Is one clear trumpet call to Faith and Will.

(From "Poems for the Great Days"
Thomas Curtis Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXV **October, 1948** *Number 7*

The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

* * *

The Good, the True, the Beautiful
Our Only Creed

* * *

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D., Pastor

* * *

37th Season

* * *

Sunday Morning Services . . . . . 11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD

October 3—"Man Against Darkness"
An Answer to Dr. Stace in September "Atlantic"

October 10—"Anniversary Service"

October 17—"Melody in Your Hearts"

October 24—"Tomorrow Will Be Better"

October 31—"Saving Face"

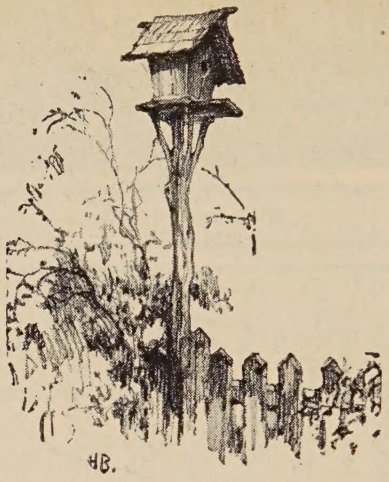
* * *

Church School of Religious Education—9:30 a.m.

* * *

Dr. Bradley's Radio Schedule

Every weekday evening
WGN—Monday through Friday—6 o'clock
WJJD—Every Sunday morning—11 to 12:30



PAINTED WEEDS

by Douglas Malloch

She took the things that thousands passed,
The weeds that grew beside the way,
The common things that fate had cast
Along the road of ev'ryday;
The frost had turned them gaunt and brown,
And some the wind had broken down,
But in them all her eyes could see
Beauty that still might beauty be.

With artful hands and gentle touch
She covered them with bronze and gold,
Yes, gave them glamour—not too much—
And silvered over hurts of old,
Until we saw the beauty rare
That God has scattered ev'rywhere,
That only needs some heart and hand,
Like hers, to see and understand.

And so it is with many things,
The things the thoughtless think are weeds,
The duty that the morning brings,
The simple tasks and humble deeds:
We need but gild them with romance,
We need but glory in the chance
To live, to love, to serve, to be,
And, oh, the beauty we shall see!

(From "Live Life Today")

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

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* * *

OPENING OF

REGULAR SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES OF THE

PEOPLES CHURCH

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH, 7:30 O'CLOCK

The services are not broadcast, last an hour and a quarter and are preceded with organ music by Mr. Walter Flandorf, church organist.

* * *

Notify your friends who may be interested, in order that they may take advantage of these inspiring services.

"BUILDING MEMORIES"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
May 30, 1948

I SHALL never forget one July Sunday morning when I was preaching in the High Street Church in Swansea in far-off Wales, after the service was over the minister of that quaint and historic Church said to me . . . by the way it was the Reverend Richard Hall who has already stood in our pulpit here, some of you remember him . . . "I have a funeral service tomorrow afternoon and I should like to have you go with me to that funeral service; I think it will be a unique experience for you." I went with him to the service, and to the cemetery. The funeral service was for a little child, a very attractive and lovely little child, who had been killed by a lorry a few days before. The little body was so frightfully mutilated by the accident that the parents never saw the child again. She had run out laughing and romping only to be crushed underneath the lorry, as she ran past a corner obscured by a high stone wall. We went out to that grave, we carried that little child to its resting place, the people were all gathered about the grave, the father and the mother, sisters and brothers and many friends and young companions, and one thing happened there that I had never seen in my ministry in this country. The people stood around that open grave and sang together two beautiful hymns. To listen to people singing at an open grave, not a musician, not one voice, not a quartet, but there were the people, who had known and loved that little child and each other; they were singing, singing as I have never heard singing and as only the Welsh people en masse do sing. I had an experience in that moment that did something to me as it colored my own philosophy of death and of memory. After the service was over we were going back to the uplands and to the residence of the minister and I said to him, "Richard, that is an experience that I shall never forget, it will never leave my life—singing triumphantly, beautifully, with dignity, singing at the open grave of a little child." Then he turned to me and said this: "We Welsh have a proverb. I don't know whether you are familiar with it or not in America, but if you are not you take it back with you to America. We Welsh have a proverb and that proverb is that our dead are never dead as long as they are remembered." Of course upon the face of it, it seems to indicate an impossible situation—that our dead are never dead as long as they are remembered—because of the finality that we associate with death on our materialistic plane.

That is what America is trying to do today; that is why this is called "Memorial Day." We know that the immortality of the dead on this sphere of consciousness is assured in our hearts as long as our memory lives, and that's what we are doing, that's all that life finally is, it is just a process of building memories. And as life goes on and deepens, then our happiness or our misery will depend on the memories that we have built in life. Building memories.

The art of forgetting is just as important as the art of remembering. That is why it is all the more important and all the more beautiful that we should try to build beautiful memories. What a pity that we don't. What a pity that we don't live better than we do.

What a pity that we permit life to create for us memories which rend and burn. What a pity when it could be so beautiful. Memory is the father of Hope; without our memories hope would die and cease to be.

Almost every day of my life, and some days more often than once, I am standing beside someone's beloved dead. Almost every day I see a little procession of broken hearts walk up to an open casket. I go thru that experience daily, as I did only this week, when a fine and splendid man who had lost his companion of forty-eight years, the one whom he loved and honored, turned to me, and even tho upon his face was an inexpressible agony, yet a smile was sculptured there in the presence of his grief. It lighted his face, and there was a beautiful glow such as comes from the faces of those who live beautifully, and as the smile drifted across that face, he said to me, "Doctor Bradley, I have nothing left but beautiful memories; life with her has been beautiful and I shall live the rest of it in those memories." Building memories.

That is what the heart of America is trying to say today. We are not glorifying war: all these flags and uniforms in this Church today are not glorifying war; we are not trying to make war romantic, nor are we trying to make it glamorous. There is not a romantic thing, nor a glamorous thing about war. There is nothing about war except heartaches, tears and bankruptcy. No, we are not making war glamorous, we are not making it attractive nor dramatic. No, our deepest instincts want to pay tribute to the dead, all the dead of America, those whose blood and bones have entered into the very structure of America until they have fertilized our nation with dignity and greatness; we are trying to say to them as we build our memories of tomorrow, "Take us, take our brains, our hearts, take us, my country, the ideals, the hopes, the love, take us, break us, do anything with us, but in the name of God let us who live try, to the limit of our exhaustion and ability, to create the world that the dead died to build. That's all. We have no other task. We are not interested in one acre of any nation's land. If you are, America, shame upon you! We are not interested in boundary lines merely, or what nation has this city, or what nation has that one; we are not interested in dollars, and I happen to believe that there is not a drop of oil in all Saudi Arabia that is worth one red drop of an American boy's blood, and I don't think it is worth one red drop of a British boy's blood, or a Jewish boy's blood, or a Russian boy's blood. No, men don't die merely for oil and dollars and land. If that is the vision before the diplomats of the world in this hour, if that is all they are seeing, if that is what prime ministers, foreign ministers, presidents and secretaries of state, if that is in their hearts, then let the peoples of the world discard them at the first opportunity, get rid of them, eliminate them, and let them put in their places men and women of the nations of the earth who believe in the dignity of the human personality and the righteousness of noble ideals! *Let's not make a smokescreen or a scapegoat out of Jews, and oil, and land, when the eternal righteousness of God in the affairs of nations and for which men die is the only important thing!* Then we are building memories for tomorrow out of the greatness of those who died!

I know that life seems very transitory. I know that it does not take society long to forget. I know that men who seem great and important pass from the scene of life and very soon are forgotten. I know how transitory and fickle public acclaim is. I know that men who have tried to do and say

something to help the world in the great passion of their finest moments are soon forgotten. Why, one of these days they will carry me down the aisle of this Church and I shall rest in front of this pulpit, and perhaps you will look upon my dead body—of course, that will happen, I shall be gone, dead, my voice will not even be a memory, and it won't be long until the generation which I knew and loved shall have passed too, shall have been forgotten. We know how the world treats time, and we know how time treats human hearts, and we know how the cold brutality of forgetting sometimes seeks to destroy memories—it never does, quite, for we build memories and those memories are a part of the citadel of the eternal that lives.

Man has caught a glimpse of far-off places. He is tired, he is weary, he is hungry, he is lonely. The warmongers, the hate breeders are having a difficult time to whip the world into the passion of war. They are having a harder time than they have ever had, and it will still be harder. Man has caught a glimpse of the promised land, he is looking over the crags into peaceful valleys, there is music in his soul, and peace, and beauty. The dead died for us, we must live for them.

Two engineers making a survey in a most desolate part of China ran into a terrific storm which broke upon them while they had the charts and placings and knew exactly where they were going by the landmarks which were all designated. Suddenly this terrific hurricane or tempest drove them into a cave. There they stayed for a day and a half. Finally, they became desperate and in the midnight one of them ventured out from the cave and exclaimed, "Look! Every landmark has gone; everything is destroyed; every tree broken; our maps are useless; here we shall die!" The other engineer, coming out of the cave, looked up at the sky and the night and he said, "We are not lost, we shall not die, *THE STARS ARE STILL THERE! WE CAN CHART OUR COURSE BY THE STARS!*"

Dark world, frustrated world, disillusioned world, tired world, come out of your cave. Desolation is about you, incompetency, mediocrity, failure, but *COME OUT OF YOUR CAVE! AS AN INDIVIDUAL COME OUT OF YOUR CAVE! YOU ARE TYRANNIZED BY CIRCUMSTANCES THAT HAVE NO RIGHT TO TOUCH YOU! YOU ARE NOT IMPRISONED, YOU ARE FREE! COME OUT OF YOUR CAVE, NATIONS AND MEN!* Darkness? Yes! Storm? Yes! BUT LOOK! *THERE'S A STAR IN THE SKY! THE STAR OF CHRIST, AND OF LOVE, AND OF HOPE! LET THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD CHART THE FUTURE BY THE STAR OF CHRIST, AND WE WILL BUILD SUCH MEMORIES THAT WE CAN SING AT THE GRAVE, AND OUR DEAD WILL NEVER DIE!*

A FELICITATION

Kable Brothers Co. of Mount Morris, Illinois, have just celebrated their 50th Anniversary. Starting their enterprise in a small room over a grocery store, and growing to one of the largest printing establishments in the United States, they have made a great contribution in their field of work. They are printers of 166 varied publications, among which is our "Liberalist."

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EDITORIAL

"WHAT is one of the most accurate tests of the quality of the character of a person?" I think I know the answer. You let me see how a person responds to something that is done for him, and I will tell you the quality of that person's soul. It doesn't have to be much, it can be just something simple, but let me see how you respond when someone makes a sacrifice for you, or does something that pleases you; maybe just a little gesture and something not costly—let's see how you respond and I will tell you the quality of your soul. It is an amazing thing the number of people one never sees until they are in trouble and wanting something, and the minute they have what they want, they go out of your life and you never hear of them again. Then I have known other people who, when they were in need, and I have stood by their side, they were so appreciative and grateful for it, they couldn't do enough in return. What's the difference in those people? The difference is in the quality of their souls; the kind of people they are inside, not outside, where the world and people can see it, but the kind of people they are inside.

It doesn't require very much character to be grateful for *things*, something that is wholly objective. That's rather easy, but what is the real basis of gratitude, of being thankful? What is the real basis of it in your life and mine? I am thinking of being grateful for the privilege presented to me—the opportunity to do something to raise the whole general tone-level of humanity and the world. Not grateful for something I can eat—obviously that is a form of gratitude which we can all indicate; but there is another form in a world like this—a world where there are honest efforts being made again to build the structure and pattern of a society which will give opportunity for the full fruition of the human personality at an age when inventive genius and scientific capacity are opening up such areas for the potentialities of man that if man could only envisage one-twen-

tieth of the whole, he could transform his entire world into a world of such beauty and strength that it would surpassed even his most hopeful anticipation.

The opportunity which is presented before man now is unprecedented in the whole annals of civilization. What is my attitude toward that? The opportunity to weed out of my life and heart and soul, and yours, every form of basic destructive, disintegrating, demoralizing hate and prejudice! There is an opportunity! And I am grateful enough for that opportunity to say that I will improve it! Grateful for the privilege of being in a society where we can work transformations in every area of human interest, until we can indicate under our own potentialities the possibilities of ourselves and the world.

I received in the mail this morning the most inspiring letter from a woman of 85, a retired teacher, who says "You may guess how deeply interested I am in tolerance—or something better than mere tolerance, when I tell you that for twenty-two years I have been holding children's meetings at my home in the interest of world friendship, and practical Christianity. This began the year after I retired after forty-two years in the schoolroom. At the age of eighty-five I have nine groups each month, at my home—boys and girls from all the churches in the city, of different races as far as possible, among them one Negro and several Mexicans. Ninety-four different children were here last month, forty in the three groups that met last week, children of the first five grades in school, usually from October through May.

We play games of other lands, have an offering for the needy children of the world, which is made a definite act of worship, then stories of the boys and girls of other lands, or of minority groups of our own land, becoming interested in children of other races and creeds, learning of the conditions under which many of them have to live, and of the fine response so many of them make when opportunity comes their way; indeed the very act of meeting here and working together, though they attend different churches, helps to do away with prejudice. At one time we were wrapping some Christmas gifts (six girls and myself) and 3 of the girls were Methodists, one was a Catholic, one a Free Methodist, and one a Seventh Day Adventist—inter-denominational cooperation in embryo!

I am certainly not writing this for reading over the radio but because I felt you would be glad to know of someone who is doing in a very small way what you are doing in a much larger way—just as I rejoice in *your* work, because of what you are doing to bring about a better understanding among different races and different creeds, and to help people to take a different attitude toward life—to do away with hate, and worry and unkind criticism. There is so much need of the work you are doing." This letter seemed to arrive at just the right moment to explain what I mean by a grateful life. P.B.

YOU GIVE BUT LITTLE when you give of your possessions. It is when you give of yourself that you truly give. *Gibran*

"THE CRYING NEED OF A RENEWED CHRISTIANITY"

(Excerpts from an address by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus Harvard University, delivered under the auspices of the Unitarian Churches of Philadelphia and published in The Liberalist of August, 1926.)

THIS meeting is held under the auspices of three Christian Churches of a peculiar sort, belonging to a small denomination called Unitarian—peculiar in that they have no ecclesiastical organization in the ordinary sense, and also no creed or body of dogmas which members of such churches must accept, or are supposed to accept. Every church in this peculiar body is independent, and, like the church of the Plymouth Pilgrims, chooses its own minister, enters, if possible, into such fellowship as it pleases with other churches, and decides for itself upon the charitable, educational and social work it proposes to carry on. The denomination stands for complete religious liberty, for a respectful attitude towards all sincere religious beliefs—Christian or other—and for judging every religion by the amount of genuine twentieth-century ethics which finds place in it. This peculiar church invites serious and candid people to unite, in the spirit of Jesus Christ, for the worship of God and the service of Man, but leaves entirely to the individual the decision whether he shall join a church or not. No rite bars the way into this church, no baptism, confirmation, or examination, and no one enters it in the hope of reward or out of fear of punishment.

All the great Christian churches have instituted rites, rituals, ceremonies, sacraments, and observances which they require their members to accept, attend, or perform, particularly those relating to birth, marriage and death, the great events in every human life. The creeds and dogmas of these churches contain many conceptions which are not arrived at or deduced by any reasoning process but are mere products of the human imagination which are accepted by a mysterious intuition or insight with which neither inductive nor deductive reasoning has anything to do. The Unitarian churches reject irrational piety, while maintaining to the full wonder, reverence and awe.

It is a fitting time, therefore, in which to seek the reasons for the inefficiency of the great Christian churches in promoting the moral and physical welfare of mankind on this earth, whatever they may claim to do in respect to human happiness in another. The first explanation is that institutional Christianity departed early from the teachings of the founder of the religion, and copied in its structure the authoritative and heirarchial arrangements, and in its doctrine the materialism of the Roman world. . . . Not till the Pilgrims set up in Plymouth their Free Church in their Free State, did the Christian world contain a fairly successful example of instituted civil and religious liberty. The Pilgrim Church and State set up standards of which America, at least, has never lost sight; but within 75 years many of the Pilgrims' liberties were lost or impaired; so that the compact signed in the cabin of the Mayflower, and John Robinson's doctrine that more light and truth were still to break forth from God's Word, became little more than a precious and fragrant memory.

The first explanation, then, of the impotency of the Christian churches as

regards the prevention of war is that they were all organized with too much authority and too little liberty in them. They never believed in God's way of developing the best and most effective human character—the way of liberty to sin, in order to develop self-control. The churches have not relied on the essential dignity of human nature and the human love of freedom for the uplifting of the race, but, on the contrary, on man's tendency to sin and his fear of the consequences, and on his too-frequent degradation in this world and his hope of salvation in another—a salvation obtainable only through the vicegerents of God on earth. Not believing in liberty, the churches have habitually supported autocratic government, and that climax of autocracy—military discipline for purposes of conquest.

The second explanation of the impotency of the Christian churches to prevent war, or promote peace, is to be found in the unethical quality of some of the doctrines of the Christian churches, as crystallized in their dogmas or creeds. The official creeds of the great churches of Christianity, and many parts of the scriptures contain conceptions of God's nature and of His action toward the human race which are intolerable to the ethical mind of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The creeds of the evangelical churches are, as a rule, built on the "fall of man" as described in the story of the Garden of Eden. . . . The conduct attributed to God in that story would be wholly unworthy of any man whose standards of conduct accorded with the average sentiments about right and wrong of civilized people today. God in that story is unjust, mean and cruel; yet the story, taken as a narrative of facts, has been made the foundation of the official creeds of all the great Christian churches.

Man fell from a superior state of innocency into a condition of sin and misery. Nevertheless he peopled the earth with creatures like himself, degraded and wretched. But this result was unsatisfactory even to barbarous ages, when considered as the work of God, and means of redemption and ultimate salvation had to be devised and formulated. . . . The creeds of the great churches differ as to the proportion of the race really rescued by the vicarious atonement through Jesus Christ; but they all agree in making this vicarious atonement necessary to the salvation of any proportion of the human race.

In these days, the whole conception of one being—human or divine—suffering, though innocent, for the sins of another, or of innumerable others, is revolting to the universal sense of justice and fair dealing. . . . How incredible it is, that the religious institutions and doctrines which resulted from the perversions of the real teachings of Jesus by the pagan world, should have been so completely and fundamentally inconsistent with the ethics of those teachings!

Before the Christian churches can be expected to be efficient in the promotion of human welfare, and particularly in the bringing of peace on earth, they must purge themselves of such doctrines as these. It is not enough to say in defense of the churches in good standing that they no longer believe these shocking doctrines; they should be eliminated from the published standards and confessions of the churches.

The historical Christian churches were early made partners with empires, monarchies, and baronies, in the control and oppression of the masses of mankind, and, the governments being maintained by force, the churches became, in general, supporters of the military regime. This was natural enough, because the God of the Christian churches, like Israel's God, was com-

monly thought of as Lord of Hosts, God of Battles, Successful Invader, and Glorious Conqueror . . . the Christian life itself is often represented in Christian hymns and preachings as a battle: . . . "The Son of God goes forth to war, a kingly crown to gain"—meanest of motives. . . .

The Christian nations have, however, attained since the middle ages to a civilization which seems to modern men in Christian lands higher than that of the non-Christian nations, except in the prevalence of international war and fighting in general. For at least 600 years the Christian nations have fought oftener and harder than the so-called heathen. . . . This recognized superiority in general civilization, however, is not chiefly due to the churches, but to other influences. The chief beneficial result of the Crusades was a remarkable development of Mediterranean commerce between the East and the West. The period which we call the Renaissance was the period of a remarkable revival of classical learning, and particularly of the Greek literature. The discovery of America brought about an immense increase of commercial adventure and of Occidental wealth; while the religious enthusiasm which accompanied the discovery was the source of hideous cruelties and barbarities. The Reformation was not a normal product of the Roman Church but a rebellion and schism within that church, one consequence of which was an increase of civil and religious liberty in Europe. . . . For the last one hundred and fifty years it has been natural and physical science which has been the main contributor to the increasing material welfare of mankind. Science has won its way in spite of the opposition of the principal Christian churches. . . . And now, within the last five months, the worst War of all recorded time,—worst because of its wide extent, the fury with which it is prosecuted, and the destructive power of its new implements,—brings unheard of misery on the human race; and the Christian churches are helpless to prevent it, or even to mitigate its horrors. The effective organizations for such pitifully small relief as can be given are for the most part not religious but secular. The care of the wounded falls on men and women trained in natural and physical science, and possessing manual skill and the spirit of service. The effective works of mercy are performed, not chiefly by representatives of the churches or by religious partisans and zealots, but by men and women who understand how to get food to the starving, to bring first-aid to the wounded and carry them quickly to hospitals, to prevent fevers and infections, to purify water supplies, and to treat lockjaw, gangrene, and frostbite.

The effective advocates of peace and goodwill among men in this horrible convulsion, produced by a nation which believes in discipline, ruthless force, and the domination of the strong over the weak, are not the priests and ministers of traditional Christianity, or the performers of rites and ceremonies, but the teachers of public liberty as the indispensable source of the highest efficiency in individual or nation, and of public justice and righteousness developed under free governmental institutions which train men to self-control in freedom under law.

The great European war is fundamentally a conflict between freedom and democracy on the one side, and the rule of hereditary monarchs and a military class on the other, that rule being maintained by appeals to love of country and national pride, and enforced by a stern discipline which leaves nothing of liberty to the individual. In this strife, the Christian Church as a whole is divided, each national

church supporting its own nation; and by inheritance and traditions each national church supports the war-making power, no matter how cruel, deceitful and faithless that power may prove to be. In short, the established and conventional churches manifest little power to promote either love to God or love to the neighbor.

(The balance of this address by Dr. Eliot will appear in the November Liberalist.)

BOOK CHATS

THE book with which I have chosen to open this book chat is a story of authors, books and publishing, told largely by authors themselves—the story of a Century of Publishing as seen through correspondence with the men and women whose books the Scribners published. It is the liveliest, most engaging, most intimate and illuminating kind of history that has ever been written about publishing. It is called "Of Making Many Books," by Roger Burlingame, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Anyone interested in writing and writers will enjoy every page of this book.

Roger Burlingame, before he became a writer, was a Scribner editor and knew personally many of the men and women whose lives, ambitions, quirks of character and amiable failings are so thoroughly revealed through their correspondence. Many people write to me asking how to get their book or their poems published, and even those who do not write or aspire to become authors are curious about how books come to be written and how they are published. I often think if we knew all the trials of both authors and publishers we might appreciate our beloved books all the more. If you enjoy biography, you will enjoy this book, for in it authors, through correspondence, unburden themselves in highly individual fashion. You will meet such writers as Thomas Wolfe, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Edith Wharton, John Galsworthy, Henry Adams, Theodore Roosevelt, Robert Louis Stevenson, Henry James and dozens of others; all of whom will be seen through the revealing, outspoken, critical, gossipy letters they have written. Thomas Wolfe's many-sided character and elusive personality is perhaps here revealed more than in any other book; and the letters of Henry James are of special interest at this time. The book is packed with anecdotes, sharp character sketches of interesting personalities and revealing descriptions of literary life during some of the most important periods in the literary history of the United States; and what these authors have to say, and their way of saying it, gives color to a vivid and personal panorama of the whole writing scene, not only in America, but also in England during a great century in literary annals.

The author, Roger Burlingame, has been able to write about many of the authors whose letters appear in this book, and about the history of Charles Scribner's Sons from two important viewpoints—that of the currently disinterested observer, and of the formerly intimate associate of a great number of

the people mentioned and described in the book. He was born and raised in New York, the son of Edward L. Burlingame, who was for many years associated with Charles Scribner's Sons in editorial capacities. He has been engaged in literary work ever since his graduation from Harvard in 1913. During the first World War he saw much active service in France. He was for more than twelve years associated with Scribner's and was a member of the Editorial Board when he resigned to devote all his time to writing. Some of you may remember his first novel, written while at Scribner's, which he calls "You Too." He has written several other novels and two highly praised and widely quoted books of the history of American invention and industrial expansion, "Engines of Democracy" and "March of the Iron Men." Both of these are looked upon as source books in their important field. He now lives in Connecticut and is the author of numerous magazine articles. He says the history of every publishing house is, in a very definite and important sense, the story of its authors and so it is entirely proper that his book should, in the main, be written by authors. "It is fitting the writers should tell their own stories through their letters—because it is through their worries and troubles and discouragement during the writing of their books that the writer learns the real truth about 'the lonely art' of writing. The publisher is a sounding-board for the writers whose books he publishes. It is through him that their ideas and their imaginings reach the public. How that has been done, and the personalities involved in doing it, throughout a century, are also part of this book, the background of a completely fascinating and richly colorful tapestry of letters and the literary life."

Roger Burlingame served in both camps, that of the writer and of the publisher. He grew up in what he calls the "nomansland between the publishing tradition and his own violent wish to write." His father who was the editor of Scribner's Magazine, was determined to keep him out of both Houses. He had seen authors bend and crack under their art and he had seen publishers dismal over their ledgers. His father advised him to be an engineer. Later, when the father read some of his son's writing he told him "with agony" that it was good, and finally when Mr. Scribner offered Roger Burlingame a job, he felt that his father thought it was the lesser of the two evils for it would delay his writing—the desperate author's trade. Roger Burlingame says "It delayed me ten years. Soon after I began a friend asked me what I did. 'I am an office boy,' I said. 'On a good day I can lick a thousand stamps.' I think some word of my bitterness got to Mr. Brownell, for one day he said to me, taking me in, in his charming way, on his own level: 'Isn't it true, Roger, that ninety-nine percent of the time, we are doing work that any office boy could do as well?' Then he looked a long time out the window across Fifth Avenue and turned suddenly. 'But once a month,' he said, 'or once every six months, there comes a moment which no one but you could cope with. Into that single moment of work goes all your education, all your background, all the thinking of your life.' So was written the first entry of my inestimable debt to one of the greatest men I have had the fortune to know."

Some of the chapter titles might interest you: "The Lonely Art—Tools of the Trade—The Flesh of Print—First Meetings—'Not Without Merit'—Best Sellers—Loyalties—Poetry—Politics—War—The Next Hundred Years." I wish I had time to quote from some of the letters which fill this book; some of

them giving advice to young writers, some written by authors in praise of another author's work, some telling of their own discouragement or happiness —all a kaleidoscopic picture of the human reactions of dozens and dozens of authors whose names are familiar household words. The author closes with these words: "Across from the chief of the editorial staff in the old north office, beneath the portraits of his father and grandfather, sits Charlie Scribner and welcomes his visitors—authors and employes—with a mellowness of humor which it has taken, perhaps, three generations of experience and renewing youth to evolve. His modesty is conspicuous, as if, indeed, the uninterrupted continuity of a business in a single family for a hundred years were the most natural thing in the world."

* * *

The next book I have chosen to bring to your attention was published last May. When the review copy was sent to me some time ago, the subject intrigued me. It is called "The Magic of Believing," with a sub-title, "How to Pick Your Future and Achieve It." The author, Claude M. Bristol, has written only one other book, which you may have read, entitled "T.N.T.—IT ROCKS THE EARTH." Mr. Bristol lives in Portland, Oregon, the city in which he was born in 1892. For nearly forty years of his life he has been a newspaper man, and I think you will agree with me that newspaper men have a slant upon life and develop a philosophy about life which is invariably interesting and dynamic. Mr. Bristol is not only a newspaper man, but is a journalist. You may recall but I do not remember, who said that news which is reported for a day and is forgotten remains news, but when reported in such a way that the news lasts, it becomes journalism. Mr. Bristol found time in his newspaper career to study law as well, and to travel extensively. All his life he has been interested in what he calls "mind stuff." I assume he means by that, interested in the study of the human mind, how to develop the mind, how to think carefully and analytically and all other phases of thought. He has had a wide background of business experience, was a soldier in World War I, and for many years has taken an active interest in veteran and civic affairs. Now in this book, "The Magic of Believing," he observes, "As if by magic some people know how to make wishes come true; they have the secret of turning belief into success."

He bases his whole thesis in the book on the quotation from the Bible, and no matter what our own religious philosophy or loyalty might be, or whether we are wholly emancipated from any form of religious expression, no one can deny the truth of this sentence: "If thou canst believe—all things are possible to him that believeth." I must say right here that the book in no sense of the word deals with any theological concept of any particular belief, so don't let the mere fact that its thesis is based upon a biblical quotation lead you to think that it has any theology, for it hasn't. The book is a handbook, both inspiring and practical, on the theme of "Belief works wonders," and it is based on the record of a man who is not a sentimentalist or a superficial thinker, or who by any uniqueness in his life could possibly be thought of as peculiar or out of the ordinary realm of just living a normal, human life. Very early in his own life he saw clearly what he desired for his goal and believed that he could attain that goal. He did; and he became interested in analyzing the manner in which he was able to achieve his goal. He spent a great deal of time and thought studying those factors that contributed to his own achievement,

therefore the book has the authenticity of practical experience. It is not theoretical or frothy or superficial. It comes out of the background of actual experience. He read widely in psychological literature, religious literature, and had many adventures in books on extrasensory perception, suggestion and subconscious powers. From his experiences and his research Mr. Bristol came to know how the subconscious mind works and he devised many techniques which he describes fully in the book for releasing these forces. He gives many examples and they are all exceptionally interesting, of how thought influences physical events. In fact, the book is planned to make your power of belief propel you to do the things you want. He hammers away constantly in the book on the necessity for you to visualize the future you want; to keep everlastingly before you your objective in life; what you are living for; what is the controlling power in the person that will have such a undeniable influence on your final achievement in life. It tells simply and powerfully how that belief can become the dynamo and produce the power and the current for great living.

The book must not be thought of as a surface treatment of a profound principle. It does not have a lot of high-sounding phrases which on analysis mean little. Nor is it in any sense of the word based on mere speculations. His conclusions are all validated by experience; and the assurance vibrates on every page of the book—at any rate it does to me—that every reader who will follow through with the suggestions and the techniques, may expect the same results. That is the value of the book. At a time when so many of our values are threatened, including the most important value of all, the value in the human personality, such a book is of inestimable value, for people not only have to fight their personal problems which arise in their own intimate association with life, and with those about them, but they have to fight those problems in the psychological environment of a topsy turvy world. Therefore, when a book comes along like this book, "The Magic of Believing," and with clarity recognizes the present situation, the reader cannot help but receive great benefit. Mr. Palmer Hoyt, the editor and publisher of the Denver Post, wrote the introduction, and his first paragraph is, "Generally speaking, people are more interested in themselves and their success than anything else. For this reason Clyde M. Bristol's book, 'The Magic of Believing,' ought to enjoy widest readership. In simple straightforward language Mr. Bristol has set forth some basic principles of the fuller use of the mind in achieving practical objectives." Mr. Bristol has been helping people to help themselves for twenty years, and Mr. Hoyt has been conversant with what the author has done with his theme during the period, and he also knows the persons mentioned in this interesting book, and of the various successes which they have achieved.

Mr. Bristol believes deeply that any person can achieve any given aim, if he believes strongly enough, and he presents a well documented case to prove his point. The book should be an inspiration to anyone who reads it carefully, because in its development is a clear picture of how the great potential possibilities of the mind may be utilized to achieve the ambitions of anyone interested. All this of course is conditioned, as all real achievement is, on the worthiness of what you want and what you desire to be. If your objective is high and of value to yourself and society, his principle works, but we must be living for something noble. I like his insistence on the fact that if we

do not use our great opportunity and power of belief correctly, the effect will be just as disastrous as will be the success of it if used rightly and applied.

* * *

For the final book of our October Book Chats, I have selected the new book by Arnold J. Toynbee called "Civilization On Trial." I think it is a fact that Arnold Toynbee is one of the most civilized men and one of the finest minds in the modern world. His first six volumes of "A Study of History," only have a few hundred readers in the United States, but Mr. D. G. Somervell condensed these six volumes into one, which stirred the interest of the people of the entire nation, and put it on the best-seller list for weeks, while many of his ideas have been written about in various magazines, enabling millions of readers to hear about Arnold J. Toynbee. Now comes his new book called "Civilization on Trial."

This book was written in 1947, and is a collection of thirteen essays. Many of them were based upon lectures which he gave here in the United States. It is another evidence of the great uneasiness of the American people that we turn so readily to a book of this character. I am convinced that most Americans realize our responsibility, not only to maintain our own economic and industrial equilibrium and governmental effectiveness, but also to become an increasingly steadying and stabilizing influence in the world. And as a recent writer has said, travelers in this country note our exposed nerves, the terrific tension of the American citizen, when he talks international politics. People all over the country turn on their radios, read their papers, and constantly search for a formula that will state their predicament in emotionless, algebraic terms, and as surely give them an answer. This search for certainty explains the popularity of Arnold Toynbee. The mere fact that a condensed edition of "A Study of History" became as popular as it is, is evidence of this fact. People who make no claim as intellectuals are buying this serious volume and earnestly tracing through its pages the fates of civilizations whose names they have remembered only faintly from their high school studies. Those of you who know and have read the "History of Civilization," I beg of you let nothing prevent your reading the book I am speaking about tonight —"Civilization On Trial." Mr. Toynbee believes that world unity is a foregone conclusion and that unity can come from a knock-down, drag-out fight, or it can come from some form of cooperative world government, but whatever happens and however it comes, there will be some kind of a world after it is over. To get the kind of a world which decent people want and believe in without the tragedy of war is the hope of all good people.

He points out with clarity a condition that is receiving far too little attention. We lay great stress on the value of freedom and rightly so, but that freedom can only be preserved if we keep sensitive to the need for social justice. That is why housing, our labor problems and a hundred others are played up so by the Soviet Union. Russia is able to counter-balance the atom bomb by propaganda in the underprivileged, economically sick world. Perhaps, as he says, what we must learn is that a blueprint of free enterprise will not serve as a panacea for every conceivable social ill in every known state of social circumstances. What the world needs, he says, above all now, is to get the issue of free enterprise versus socialism off its ideological pedestal and treat it, not as a matter of semi-religious faith and fanaticism, but as a common-sense, practical question of trial and error, or more or less cir-

cumstance and adaptation. Mr. Toynbee's whole treatment in this new book follows the pattern of his other successful writings, in not being doctrine, but observation. As one of the finest minds in the world, he understands historical processes, and he interprets what is happening in the present world in every area against the background of these historical processes which stretch out through the centuries. This of course is his finest contribution. As Granville Hicks has said: "The answer can be put in one word—'perspective, based on erudition and insight.'" The field he has chosen is vast—the entire period, the whole five or six thousand years since the beginning of civilization, nor does he forget the infinitestimal brevity of this period on the geological time scale.

Throughout this book one readily recognizes that he does not deviate from his well-established idea of what is a civilization. What he has tried to do is to make his observations and apply his theories against the background of this moment in history. In the study of history he told us what he saw as he looked about him. Some 20 civilizations have been killed by two plagues, which he calls, war and class. The one surviving civilization, our western civilization, has not learned how to control these plagues, and they have become the more desperately menacing because of our great technological development. Other civilizations have destroyed themselves by their failure to abolish war and class. If we fail, the entire human race may be annihilated. For the immediate political task before the world he suggests support of the United Nations, but if that organization cannot be developed into an effective system, and he is none too hopeful about it, he thinks it might be best to maintain a truce between these two spheres into which the world has been divided, Russia and America, and thereby gain the time needed to carry out our economic task of finding a middle way which might finally make possible some sort of political reconciliation. All the western European powers are now caught between the Soviet Union and the United States, and all of them are frightened and worried. To sum it all up, gathering from the different chapters, his own words are adequate: "In politics, establish a constitutional, cooperative system of world government. In economics find working compromises, varying according to the practical requirements of different places and times, between free enterprise and socialism. In the life of the spirit, put the secular superstructure back into religious foundations. Whether there is possible a working compromise, no one knows at this moment, but history and truth reveal in no obscure terms what would happen if we were all to get back on a truly religious foundation."

A grudge is too heavy a load for any man to carry.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

THE coming back to city life in the fall is something that always stirs many and varied emotions within us. We are considerably depressed at leaving our Island home that we love so much—the garden, the massive pines, miles upon miles of beautiful lake, our boats, the vast expanse of sky, clear, or with its pageantry of clouds, and at evening spangled with stars and a great golden moon casting its shimmering light over the bay. Oh, no words could ever express what it means to us—how sad we are at leaving and how happy at returning! It is not that we are not glad to come back to Chicago, for of course we are. We have our church, our friends, our work and our city. But it is wholly separate from our summer life and atmosphere.

The drive down from Minnesota through Wisconsin was very pleasant, except for the discomfort of the excessive heat that seems to lie like a blanket over this area this autumn. We have not experienced such heat all summer! We arrived home Saturday afternoon, and Sunday morning we went to church, with a thrill of anticipation for the opening service, beginning Dr. Bradley's thirty-seventh year.

The church was well filled and Dr. Bradley appreciated their coming in spite of the uncomfortable weather. The service was very lovely and everyone seemed glad to be back in church and gave us a warm welcome home. And so, the busy season is on. With church having opened, and many activities already well developed, foremost among them and almost immediately ahead of us, is the Annual Bazaar, which will be held earlier this fall than usual, the dates having been set for November 18th and 19th, thus leaving December entirely free to make ready for Christmas and the attendant activities. Then, too, this will give people an excellent opportunity to "do their Christmas shopping early" and pleasantly, with the many lovely gifts to choose from at the Bazaar!

In these days of unrest and anxiety —for in every heart there is a feeling of anxiety and apprehension (whether you realize it or not) regarding world affairs and political stir-up, it keeps the very air we breathe ominous and we are all weighted down and restless, wondering, even fearing, what may have happened over night and what the next day may bring forth! It is under these conditions we need more than ever the guidance and helpful influence of our church services, and our church associations. We must keep our thoughts high, our thinking cleared of defeating fog, frustating excitement and hopelessness. Unless we individually plant and woo hope and peace in our own hearts and our thinking, how can we ever expect to realize it as a condition of life?

May we find even greater helpfulness, upliftment and pleasure in our church services and in the fellowship of its organizations, making this year

more than ever a great one in The Peoples Church!

* * *

Now we will turn to the Mail Bag. Obviously the letters now in the Mail Bag were held over from last spring. This first letter I think is quite remarkable coming from a woman of her age. Surely we can say she is 80 years young! We appreciate this very much. The sermon she mentions was one preached in the spring. Following is her letter:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—It was kind of you to send me 'The Liberalist' containing a letter I had written you. The letter said what I wanted it to say and expressed the feelings of others, I am sure, about you and your work.

"Last Sunday morning I heard your protest against war. I was in tears as I listened. I felt the same way. That anyone would ever think of another war, is sheer madness. Nothing to be gained, everything to be lost! We older people (I am 80) cherish *life* as our most cherished possession. And should we dare deprive the young of their *lives,* before they've scarcely had a chance to savor them?

"They speak of bringing the Communists out into the light of day. Are they the ones who are advocating war? I don't think so. Who, then? It is our business to find this out. We can be safely sure that it is those who would not be called upon to go to war, and who might benefit financially from it, or the military who have chosen war as their business. . . .

"I'm just piling up words and you don't need anyone to help you understand the issues. But I shall never forget your impassioned utterances of last Sunday, and the same holds true of many other sermons. I am glad you reach so many people. It is our place to give heed—to those who are our voices. If the mind of man can't find a way of life that will keep people *living,* is there much to be said about its workings? Forthrightness and honesty are soon discovered and they make their impression. It is my business, not to assert loudly that I am right, but to examine myself daily to see wherein I may have erred, and to constantly correct discrepancies.

"May all of this prove to be the great storm, after which comes the grateful calm. A steady, all-the-time calm would make a dead sea. No two of us have the same set of facts. How, then, is it possible to agree? If we view the facts we have, and single out the most *important* ones, I think we could find a basis of understanding. Too often we make too much of secondary facts.

"Wishing you well in all that you do —(we all should work with a like intensity), I am, Sincerely yours, Mrs. C. H. Coyle.

* * *

A lovely letter from Mrs. F. E. Miller, of Spring Lake, Michigan, we appreciate:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: 'He who would become great must live a great life.' Larsen. Last night, while waiting for the tug to go through the bridge, we were listening to you in our car. I marvel at your enthusiasm and rather think some of it comes from your listeners appreciating you.

"I haven't written for a long time, but you are 'tuned in' like the coffee goes on the stove in the morning—regularly! I talk to my friends with your words. Last Sunday's sermon was so helpful. This slipping back and going ahead makes life a glorious adventure. Thanks for all the truth you have taught. 'You have your reward with you always.'

"Kind and loving regards to you and Mrs. Bradley. Sincerely, Mrs. F. E. Miller.

A letter and poem from a blind listener is surely an inspiration. She was most kind in sending it.

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I am one of your sightless listeners, an old and loyal friend of yours. I owe you a thousand thanks for the inspiration which you have sent my way. Yesterday, when you suggested that your listeners write you letters, I decided to do so even though I cannot imagine how you can possibly find time to read your mail. Many are the times you have restored to me my courage!

"I am not really a poet, as you will soon discover, but sometimes I like to try my hand at rhyming. I am especially interested in helping to promote better race relations in America and all over the world. Enclosed you will find my attempt at writing.

"Truly your work is a light shining in the darkness! Thankfully yours, Carol Driscoll."

"SHOULD THERE BE—"

Should there be words of kindness in your heart,
Speak them now before it is too late;
Wound not the weary world with words of hate,
Lest faith and hope and charity depart.

Should there be deeds of kindness in your hand,
Do those deeds before the darkness falls;
By service, man has sundered alien walls
To bring recovery to a hungry land.

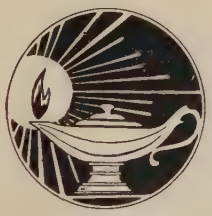
Should there be paths of mercy yet untrod,
Be swift to solace suffering and distress;
Salvation comes through self-forgetfulness—
And every path of mercy leads to God!

Carol Driscoll

* * *

With this we will close our Mail Bag. With the church making a fresh start—and Dr. Bradley's evening broadcasts too (for the twelfth year), won't you start also, writing him? And

KEEP ON THE BEAM?



The truth is that the world's center of cultural, economic and political gravity has, after 450 years, at last sailed after Columbus across the Atlantic. The responsibility of the United States should be equal to its power.

KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

37th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)....11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast). Opening Sunday evening service 37th Season, November 7th..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Meets in Anderson Hall, with classes for all age groups. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.
Friday, October 1st, in Anderson Hall, the "Sunday School Left Out Players" will present "Nature Boy Comes Back," under the direction of John Forester. Price of admission, one donation for the Bazaar Booth ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSAL—Every Friday night, in the church auditorium. Auditions at 7:30. Walter Flandorf, Organist and Director..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Meets every other Monday in Anderson Hall. First regular meeting, October 11th. A dramatic reading of the play "Marked Corners" (boyhood of Abraham Lincoln, written by Francesca Falk Miller, a member of the club), will be given by Kathryn Melton Simmons. Reynold Leiva, violinist, will be the musical artist of the day ..... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Meets every second and fourth Tuesday in Anderson Hall. Opening meeting, Tuesday, October 5th. Dr. Preston Bradley, guest speaker. Refreshments. Everyone welcome. Meeting open to men and women.. 8:00 p.m.
Tuesday, October 26, first Business Meeting of the season. Very important to members. Friends and prospective members are welcome. Refreshments ..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—Meets the fourth Monday in Anderson Hall. October meeting, Monday, October 25th..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB—Meets first Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall. 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY OF THE MARY BARTELME CLUB—Meets with the Professional and Business Woman's Club, second and fourth Tuesdays..... 8:00 p.m.

CHANNING CLUB—Meets first and third Fridays, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187—Meets every Thursday evening, Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS, J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St., 'Phone MI 2-7766. Plays presented 2nd Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons of each month, at Eleventh St. Theatre, 66 E. 11th St. Evenings, 8:30; Sun. p.m. at 3. Drama Teas, 1st Sunday of each month in Anderson Hall of the Peoples Church. See complete schedule, page 23.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—The entire Sunday morning service is broadcast from 11 to 12:30

WGN—Every evening, Monday through Friday, 6 o'clock

UPTOWN PLAYERS

1149 N. LaSalle Street **MI 2-7766**

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

* * *

OPENING NIGHT—26TH SEASON

11th Street Theatre—66 E. 11th St.

Wednesday, Oct. 13th

"I REMEMBER MAMA"

With LILLIAN SMITH in the title role
and J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN
as Uncle Chris

(50 members of the Englewood Outdoor Club will attend the opening night)

During the coming season, The Uptown Players, instead of presenting a play each Saturday night, will condense the presentations for each month into one period in close sequence. Their plays will be presented the second Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, of each month.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13—8:30 p.m.
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14—8:30 p.m.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16—8:30 p.m.
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17—3:00 p.m.

* * *

OCTOBER DRAMA TEA

The Uptown Players present

J. Bradley-Griffin in a dramatic recital of "The Devil and Daniel Webster"
with Joe Anderson at the piano

ANDERSON HALL—OCT. 3—4 P. M.

Guests of Honor will be Dr. and Mrs. Preston Bradley, Lillian Smith, star of "I Remember Mama," the Presidents of all the Church Organizations

* * *

For information regarding the Bradley-Griffin School of the Theatre,
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There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $2.00 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-fifth year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $2.00 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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